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THE BIDDLE PRESS

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OLD QUAKER
MEETING-HOUSES





"Amid Westmoreland's sacred solitudes"

OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSES

BY

JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged

With 166 Illustrations

"I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship"

—CHARLES LAMB



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TO
JOSEPH S. WALTON

Kindest of friends
Truest of Friends

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*I SEE them gray among their ancient acres,
Severe of front, their gables lichen-sprinkled,—
Like gentle-hearted, solitary Quakers,
Grave and religious, with kind faces wrinkled,—
Serene among their memory-hallowed acres.*

MADISON CAWEIN

OLD QUAKER MEETING-HOUSES

I

I LOVE old Meeting-houses,—how my heart
Goes out to those dear silent homes of prayer
With all their quietude and rustic charm,
Their loved associations from old days,
Their tranquil and pathetic solitude,
Their hallowed memories! O I could roam
Forever in old Quaker neighborhoods
And muse beneath the oaks and sycamores
That shade those quiet roofs, the evergreens
That guard the lowly graves,—and meditate
Upon the kindly hearts that softly sleep
Beneath the violets and wandering vines
And mossy turf, the kindly hearts and true
That in old years gone by were wont to come
To First-day and to Mid-week Meeting here
To worship and to pray and find new strength
For daily duties. Many a tranquil face
I see in fancy as I ponder here,—
The blessed mothers with their eyes of love
And tenderest sympathy, the fathers kind
And serious and generous-souled to all,
And hosts of rosy boys and budding girls—
The youthful scions of old Quaker stock.

The great old trees around the Meeting-house,
Hoar patriarchs of eld, chant low to me
Their centuried recollections of the sires
Who tilled the far-spread farms that lie around,
And matrons who have made, in years long gone,
These grey farm-houses centers of true peace
And friendly cheer, in days when son to son
Succeeded, and the ancient well-loved farms
Became ancestral lands round which were twined
What love, what veneration, what deep faith!

O mighty oaks and noble sycamores,
With trunk moss-silvered and with lichen'd limb,
Breathe soft to me the storied memories
And treasured records of the long rich years
That blessed the Meeting-house at London Grove
Gazing across the fertile townships there,—
A grand old house of grand old memories.
Tell me of Salem near the river shore
Far in south Jersey, with its giant oak,
Type of its people's age-long strength and charm;
Of Lincoln in Virginia's tranquil dales;
Of Centre and of genial Rising Sun;
Of that old Meeting-house at Wilmington,
A peaceful island 'mid the city's noise;
Of little ancient solitary Caln
Dreaming upon its solitary hill;
Of Kakiat and Schuylkill,—old Dutch names;
Of Purchase 'neath its mighty sycamores,
Where old-time Quaker kindness prevails;

Wyoming and Odessa, quaint old shrines;
Poughkeepsie, steadfast, friendly and antique;
Of Newtown's cheerful, sunny Meeting-house;
Tell me of Ercildoun so friendly-kind;
Of dear Penn Hill, precious in memory;
Of Concord high among the peaceful farms,
"The mother fond whom many hearts revere,
Since from her fold they went to bless the world
With kindled lights of Peace and hallowed Love";
Of Warminster among the maple shades;
Of Gwynedd in the old Welsh settlement,
Heart of a region where old faith still lives,
And old tradition and old friendliness;
Of Warrington among the ancient woods,
Where Friends from Ireland worshipped in old days;
And Langhorne in its friendly neighborhood.
O mighty oaks and lordly sycamores,
Ye venerable warders, tell to me
What happiness, what sorrows cluster round
Solebury's Meeting "sacrosanct with love,"
Where late we laid one noble soul to rest
After a rich full life of blessedness;
"The Light's great peace upon each fervent face,"—
Yea, such the Light he knew and followed well!

Tell me, great trees that shade the quiet roofs
And guard the lowly graves among the grass,
Tell me of all the simple country faith
And grace and kindness that long have blest
The old-time Quaker colonies afar—
In fertile Indiana's sunny glades,

In Loudoun's meadows warm and dreamy-fair,
In old Long Island and in Canada,
And every region where our Faith endures.
Love links us all across the sundering leagues,
Love makes us brothers in our cherished creed
In many an ancient Quaker neighborhood,
In many a well-loved kindly Meeting-house
Far up and down the land, where'er we come
And gather in the peaceful First-day morns,
Waiting in quietude upon the Lord,
Waiting and praying,—“Children of the Light.”

*FAIR First-day mornings, steeped in summer calm
Warm, tender, restful, sweet with woodland balm,
Came to him, like some mother-hallowed psalm.*

*There, through the gathered stillness multiplied
And made intense by sympathy, outside
The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,*

*A-swing upon his elm. A faint perfume
Breathed through the open windows of the room
From locust-trees heavy with clustered bloom.*

WHITTIER

II

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—O what charm,
What tender benediction and what peace
Dwell in the very sunlight streaming down
Across their quiet aisles! An ancient calm
And phantom fragrance fill the sun-lit air
That shimmers from the softly-humming stove
In winter days and gives a dreamy grace
And radiance to the far-off snowy hills
And old homesteads and sleepy villages
And lonely woods seen through the little panes.
And in the golden summer First-day morns
How sweet the drowsy air that softly flows
Through open windows from the harvest fields
And garden walks, scenting the quiet house
With fragrance faint of honeysuckle vines
And pungent clover-tops and spicy pinks!

The winter sunlight and the flower-sweet air
Of golden summer sabbaths add a grace,
An unsuspected solemn spiritual charm,
To all the blessed meditations there
And tranquil thoughts; they are the visible form,
Harmonious with inward righteousness,
That heighten, strengthen, make it fair to all.
O can there be perfection of the soul

If God's sweet sunshine smiling down from heaven,
Or birds and flowers beneath the tranquil blue,
Meet no response? I cannot think it so.
How poor of spirit he whose heart warms not
O'er the calm beauty and benignity
That musical silence and sweet country peace
And balmy odors lend to those still hours
In old-time Meeting-houses!

Well I know

What dignity breathes from the lofty space
And amplitude of hospitality
In these old-fashioned simple Quaker shrines!
Most friendly seems the long, high, sturdy roof,
Most friendly the all-welcoming old walls,
Seen through the sheltering trees across the hills,
As driving cheerily the families come
To this sequestered sanctuary dear,
Forgetful of the week's routine and trials,
To find fresh consolation and fresh peace.
—I love those spacious and all-welcoming walls
Built for whole countrysides to gather there;
*They seem the very soul and warm dear heart
Of all the Quaker region,—*every hearth
And chimney-nook and cosy family room
In all the old farm-houses round about
Find here their essence and their sum of warmth
And human consecration kind and true,—
So strongly knit is the old Meeting-house
With every neighborly and friendly tie.

So seems the Meeting sober and benign
Of calm Old Kennett by the country road,
Ancient and storied,—from the days of Penn
To ours, a home of deepest Quaker peace.
So seems the Meeting at dear Nottingham,
In Calvert's province founded long ago,
Child of New Garden in Penn's ancient shire,
So peaceful, kindly, and so well-beloved;
Such, Christiana, and New York's calm house,
Peaceful alike 'mid streets or rural fields;
Such, old, old Flushing, simple, venerable,
Sad with great memories of the bygone years;
Such, ivied Abington's serene old house,—
How spacious and all-welcoming its walls,
How steeped in antique calm the air that flows
Around that ample, cheery Quaker shrine!
What sweet remembrance wreathes round every name,
What reverence, what tenderness, what love!

And like to these and equally endeared
The Meetings with melodious Indian names,
Or titles drawn from forms of stream and field,
Orchard and lawn and hill and shadowy wood:—
Old Octoraro's simple woodland fane,
Manhasset, Saratoga, Manasquan
Where good Job Scott attended meeting once,
That Friend so "deep in heavenly mysteries;"
Oswego, quaint Hockessin's little shrine,
Lone Catawissa's olden log-built house,
Rancocas with its walls of antique brick,
Miami, Chappaqua, Greenfield, Short Creek,

Mansfield and Little Falls and Waterford,
Peach Pond with all its quaint simplicity,
And Little Creek so ancient and serene;
Mount Holly by our sainted Woolman's home,
Coldstream, Westfield, and Plumstead quaint and old;
Fairhill, in whose green shade was laid to rest
Lucretia Mott; Whitewater, Haverford,
Old Springfield, Valley, Ridge, and Mullica Hill,
Pleasant Fawne Grove, and White Plains well-beloved,
Quaint Amawalk, Doe Run, and Dunning's Creek,
Green Plain where gather many gentle Friends,
Forest and Roaring Creek and Orchard Park,
Antique Mill Creek, Eastland, and Hancock's Bridge,
Deer Creek, West Grove the olden, dear Woodlawn,
Bear Gap, Pipe Creek, and Richland far away,
Friendly Pennsgrove and dearly-loved Broad Creek,
And Brooklyn, stronghold of most kindly Friends.

—Forever could I roam, forever muse
Around these olden haunts, forever dream
Upon the dear hearts sleeping silently
Below the violets and the tangled grass,
Where weep the rains and sob the murmuring leaves
And chant the wistful birds at vesper hour.

III

*A SIMPLE country meeting-house,
Roofed in with mossy stone,
Built in the days of Fox and Penn,
All grey and lichen-grown.*

*And round about, the old Friends sleep,
Grave women, earnest men,
Who kept the faith 'mid hate and scorn
In the brave days of Penn.*

*If love and faith and dauntless truth
Can shed an influence round,
Then these are consecrated walls,
And this is holy ground!*

FANNY PEIRSON

III

I LOVE old Meeting-houses:—where on earth
Is more of gracious charm and piety
And saintly goodness seen than gathers here
In quiet First-day meetings? Many a child,
I know, is stirred to life-long righteousness
By sight and memory of the dignity
And peaceful spiritual beauty in the forms
And faces of the venerable sires
And placid grand-dames in the gallery seats.
Wrapt round with tranquil sweet solemnity
And peace and gentleness, they represent
The Quaker faith made visible to all.

*One such there was whose memory is most dear:—
Friendly of soul was she, and all who came
Within the sunlight of her kindliness
Were richer for her friendship and her love.
We say the saints have gone from earth long since;
But she, I think, was saintly,—if to be
Devoted to high truth, to hear from heaven
The Voice ineffable, and tell its words
With pleading power and fervent eloquence
To us who listened to her ministry,
To live a blameless life, and shed around

*Lydia Heald Price

Sweet peace and friendliness and gracious cheer,—
If this be saintliness, the gift was hers.
God sends such souls among us now and then
To show that heaven is not remote and strange,
But here about us on this beauteous earth;
And never can discouragement or gloom
Becloud our vision while companioned here
With friends like her, whose simple kindliness
And cheering love seem touched with grace divine.

And many a kindly reverend good old man
Of equal saintship have I known, now gone
Unto his heavenly home. One such there was*
Whose blameless tranquil years reached nigh five-score
Before they laid him in the quiet earth
Among the hills above the Brandywine,
At little, lonely, well-loved Romansville.
He was a farmer of the olden school,
A man of friendly heart and wholesome cheer,
Sturdy and steadfast through all trials; and now
In his old age a noble veteran,
He sat among the elders much revered,
A true old-fashioned Friend; all ages loved
His converse, for his venerable head
Belied his youthful heart,—he was as fresh
In sympathy as any boy, and drew
Young folk and children round him by the charm
Of cheerfulness unfailing, and his kind
Warm interest in all their joys and griefs.

*A composite memory of John Worth and Jacob Hayes

—O when they laid him in the quiet earth,
I thought, in childish fashion, that no more
Of kindness lived, now this good man was gone!
Among the ancient graves at Solebury
We lately laid,—upon a wintry day
Of weeping clouds and sadly moaning winds
And sighing trees,—the earthly form of one*
Beloved beyond the usual lot of men.
So venerable and benign, so kindly he,
So cheerful-hearted and so young of soul,—
He seemed a Quaker of the olden time,
Gentle and steadfast, honorable and true,
Grounded in virtue and integrity,
And guided ever by an inner light;
Yet no stern and unbending puritan;—
We knew him genial, friendly, meekly wise,
Childlike in his simplicity, naïve
And quaintly humorous,—such a man, I think,
As Horace might have loved, so well he blent
Sound lore and home-bred sense, contentment sweet
And fine humanity. Yea, he had learned
These Quaker virtues at his mother's knee;
And through the long course of his fruitful life
Her maxims he remembered; and in him
Were human power and grace of soul so fused
That long his happy memory shall endure
Engraven in our hearts who loved him well,—
The good old man, so venerable and benign,
So cheerful-hearted and so young of soul.

*Edward Hicks Magill

And like to these dear well-remembered Friends,
I think of many another:—Mary Hicks,
A woman of great heart and sympathies
And cheerful sweetness, meeting every cross
With Christian fortitude, a friend indeed
To all the poor and suffering ones around her,—
A fountain she of helpfulness and love.

—From childhood recollection still I see
That tenderest and kindest of men,
Whose comforting, benign and winning grace,
His gentle ministry and mild appeal,
His voicing of his visions and his hopes,
Must live indelibly in many hearts,—
Darlington Hoopes;—he truly seemed to me
An old-time Quaker of the purest type.

—And I recall a man of sunny faith
And charity unbounded,—Cyrus Linton,
Who left the memory of an honest life
Of cheery, friendly ways and warm affection,
With all who knew him; his the helping hand
Toward higher manhood; his the love of home
And all that “home” implies,—a noble Friend
In every noble trait—And Hannah Plummer,
From her young days of gentle motherhood
Unto her ripe old age a source of strength
And wisest counsel;—who can e’er forget
Her liberal spirit? Comfort flowed from her
With living force, and many a hopeful life
Has been enriched by her uplifting power,

Her loving sympathy and friendship firm.

—And like a sister unto her in spirit
Seemed Emily Longstreth, that strong, generous soul,
Whose hand was ever lent to further good,
To lift the lowly and to aid the sick;
Her “gentle life with gentlest closing” told,
More forcefully than words, her nobleness.

How high a trait is calm sincerity!
A man of simple heart and steadfast faith
Seems like a tower of strength, no matter what
His state, or rich or poor;—such men have lived
In every Quaker region. One of such
Was Hiram Blackburn,—honest, faithful, true,
Whose long, long years were passed among the scenes
Of childhood’s home, and close to his loved Meeting
And lifelong friends.—And such was William Webb,
Most gentle and affectionate of heart,
Of humor quaint, and genial comradeship;
His kindness I never can forget,—
A true, good Friend, a man of noble soul.

—Sincerity was notable indeed
Among the traits that marked the character
Of Lydia Hall; sincerity was hers,
And simple peace of heart and homely wisdom.
With youth she had a perfect sympathy,
And patiently and lovingly she wrought
In their behalf through all her length of days.

—Who may compute the influence for good
Of such a life, who reckon up the sum
Of all the kindness and benignity,
The meek and unobtrusive helpfulness,
The calm rich peace, the charm, the gentle grace!

The Friends that I have here portrayed are types
Of such as every Meeting-house has known;
Their names are written on the lowly slabs
Beneath the solemn cypresses and firs,
Wept o'er by sobbing rains and rose-leaves strewn
In grieving autumn eves by wandering winds,
In every Quaker grave-yard, and their fame
Lives in the loving records of the heart
Immortally. O wondrous power of goodness
Surpassing every other human gift,—
Goodness that bringeth heaven down to earth
And linketh mortal man with angels here!

IV

*SPIRIT of Wordsworth, with me still
Upon the plain, upon the hill,
I find my purpose wholly bent
To be to-day thine instrument.*

PHILIP HENRY SAVAGE

IV

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—how remote
 From all the world's loud tumult do they seem!—
 Islands of blissful peace to lull tired souls
 Tossed on the seas of daily circumstance
 And seeking friendly haven after storm;
 Sequestered bowers sweet with holy balm,
 To shelter and to shield. *No words may tell*
The pathos of their centuried peacefulness,
Tranquil and holy;—here have women wept
 Above their loved-ones, strong men here were bowed
 By piteous grief, in those grey ruthless hours
 When in the silent earth they laid to rest
 Their precious dear ones,—while the old house gloomed
 In silent sympathy, and all its trees,
 Its drooping roses and its ancient shrubs
 And clinging ivies sighed in unison
 A requiem for vanished loveliness,
 Or worth and noble charm too early gone,
 Or goodly veterans called to their long home.
 The memories are sacred that enshrine
 Those sweet-sad, tragic, grey and mournful hours;
 But with each mellowing year that mellows grief
 And reconciles us to the Father's will,
 The dear old Meeting-house grows more endeared
 And gathers sentiment unto itself,
 Deep sentiment and reverence and love.

*One Meeting-house I love to call to mind,
Endeared by long ancestral ties, where late
We came, descendants of the sires of old,
To celebrate in autumn's pensive hours
The hundredth year of that old Meeting-house.
In many a loving heart that golden day
Has now become a blessed memory
Of dying woodlands flaming mile on mile,
Of great cloud-fleets above the sleeping hills,
And old-time peacefulness and love and charm.

And through it all, one strong calm voice rings clear,
His voice who seemed that centuried day, when all
Our thoughts were of the Past, to sound once more
The clarion call of sturdy Fox or Penn,
Or Woolman's pleading pathos grave and sweet,—
With homely simile and pithy phrase
Stirring our youth to enter once again
The lists where long ago our fathers strove
For truth and faith and freedom of the soul.

In truth he seemed of that pure brotherhood
Of old-time Quakers,—our Idealist,
Our Optimist,—I love to call him so,—
Blending the vigor of the elder day
With some fine grace caught from our own rich age,
And fusing all with warm poetic glow
As of some memory Wordsworthian.
It could not other be, since once he roamed

*Penn Hill, Lancaster County, Penna.

On Wordsworth's hills and mused the seer's high song
Amid Westmoreland's sacred solitudes.

—Such memories of that centuried day are mine,
That golden day of peacefulness and love,
Of dying woodlands flaming mile on mile,
And great cloud-fleets above the sleeping hills.

*AND here, in this dim raftered house of prayer,
Where the bee drones against the sunny pane,
And scent of old-time flowers lies on the air,
And each worn bench recalls the Past again,
Now throng the shadowy figures through the gloom,
In shimmering gray, with gentle footfall go
To take familiar station in the room,
The sweet-voiced speakers in accustomed place,
The quiet forms, expectant, ranged below,
The Light's great peace upon each fervent face.*

ELY JOHN SMITH

V

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—'tis a joy
 To look across the wistful memoried years
 And summon back the faces kind and calm
 Of old-time Friends, who gathered 'neath these roofs
 In bygone days, who loved these ancient seats
 Of fragrant wood, and loved the sheltering trees
 And tender violets among the grass
 As still we love. They long have gone from earth,
 Dear, venerable, cheery old-time Friends,—
 The peace of God upon each kindly face,—
 But in the heart their recollection lives,
 Their tender loving-kindness still survives,
 To sweeten and console; their voices speak
 Immortally across the vanished years,
 Immortally in sacred memory;
 And, hallowed by death's consecrating touch,
 Their messages bring solace to the soul
 More deep, I must believe, than living words.

O friends, I would that we might cherish well
 Their sure and simple faith, their maxims quaint,
 Their piety, their saintly innocence,
 Their creed untroubled by the doubts that vex
 Our restless age, the questionings that rob
 Our hearts of their just dues of peace and joy.
 We call them "old-time Friends," and such they were,—

It is the noblest title we can give,
For in the mellow retrospect of years
They seem to move in monumental peace,
And, like old portraits, keep a lasting charm,
A type unchanging, since mortality
Has been put off, and but the soul remains,
Shining through kindly eyes and wistful smiles
In old daguerreotypes cherished so well.

With tender memoried faces such as these
We people the old benches where to-day
We sit with living friends, and musingly
Find in the well-loved faces round us here
Echoes and hints and dim resemblances
Inherited from those of yore, that make
The line continuous, the tides from soul
To soul unbroken in their mystic flow.
—O Power ineffable, thus to maintain
The spirit's kinship through the dateless years,
Preserving the imperishable type,
And linking with us in our mortal years
The sainted and the loved of long ago!

*OLD homes! old hearts! Upon my soul forever
Their peace and gladness lie like tears and laughter;
Like love they touch me, through the years that sever,
With simple faith; like friendship, draw me after
The dreamy patience that is theirs forever.*

MADISON CAWEIN

VI

I LOVE old Meeting-houses;—simple shrines
 That hold the history of our noble faith,
Strong arks that down the rivers of old time
Have borne the symbols of our precious Past.
 Ah me, their very names are wondrous dear!—
 Kindly ancestral English names beloved,
 All redolent of English honesty
 And charm and worth,—brought hither by our sires
 To keep them minded of their English homes
 Among the moorlands or by tranquil streams,
 Their “leighs” and “tons,” their “moors” and “byes” and
 “fields,”
 “Boroughs” and “villes,” and “chesters,” “streets” and
 “fords.”
 Mute history lies enshrined in every name,—
 Yardley and Yarmouth, Bristol, Burlington,
 Oxford and Middletown and Little Britain,
 Chichester, Woodstown, pleasant Farmington,
 Old Quaker Street and kindly Mickleton,
 Warm-hearted Millville, lonely Marlborough,
 Old Chester, hard by Penn’s first landing-place
 In this new world; Medford and Lambertville,
 Fairfax and Preston, Greenwich, Haddonfield,
 And drowsy Stanton ’mid the drowsy fields,
 Old Horsham dreaming in the hickories’ shade,

Easton where Fox the Founder long ago
Preached to a "heavenly meeting" gathered there,
Bloomfield and Chesterfield and Fallsington,
Uxbridge and Caln and tranquil Byberry,
Old Darby, Mendon, peaceful Providence;
Wrightstown, a stately and a storied house
Whose members lived in friendly harmony
With the Indians of yore; and Plainfield old,
Peaceful with memories of a noble past;
And old, old Shrewsbury where Fox once held
"A precious meeting," quiet Fallowfield,
And lonely Sadsbury so desolate
Beside the lonely highway strewn with leaves,
Springboro, Homeville with its kindly name,
Makefield of gentlest memory, lone Stroudsburg
Among the mountains, stately Woodbury,
Doylestown so rich in friendliness, Granville,
Old-fashioned Crosswicks, Frankford, genial Bart,
West Chester in the kindly dear old town;
And little York, most like the small and quaint
Grey Meeting-house in Furness' grey fields
By centuried Swarthmoor Hall, where Margaret Fell
Through wondrous years kept warm the friendly hearth.

Swarthmoor!—Ah how my dreaming fancy wakes
At that name loved by Friends around the world;
Musing I wander from that ancient Hall
To many a Meeting-house in England's shires
Or in green lovely Ireland. Well I know
What kindliness, what old-world charm, abide

At Henley by slow Thames, at Huddersfield,
At Kendal and at Keswick in the vales
That Wordsworth loved, at Ackworth long held dear,
At Oxford and at Morland and at Lynn,
At brooding wave-washed Saltsburn-by-the-Sea,
At pleasant Darlington, at Thornton Marsh,
At lonely-hearted Little Ecclestone,
At Cartmel nigh to those romantic fells
Where great Helvellyn's foot-hills face the sea,
At Warwick in Old England's midmost shire,
At Walton-on-the-Naze so quaintly named,
At Street in Somerset's delightful fields,
At Chipping Norton 'mid the Oxford hills;
And Little Jordans, that most hallowed spot,
Where loved and saintly Penn was laid to rest
Beside the loved and saintly Peningtons.

In these and kindred fanes of our old faith
His very spirit breathes who up and down
The island bore the Light,—great Fox, who preached
God's everlasting truth and word of life.
Come to the Light! he cried; *wait in the Light,*
That you may grow up in the very Life
That gave the Scriptures. O how mightily
Did he beseech!—*Dwell, brethren, in that Life*
That leadeth to dominion over evil.
Most tenderly, most grandly he besought:
Witness the Seed, witness the Christ within;
Heirs of the promise shall you thus become!

In Ireland well I know what kindness
And peaceful charm abide, now as of old,
At Limerick by Shannon's lordly stream,
At Ballinderry and at Ballytore,
At kindly Carlow, and at dear Clonmel
In Tipperary's dales, at Waterford,
At Wicklow and "sweet Cork" and old Tramore;
And up at Lurgan where my fathers dwelt,
In Armagh 'mid the emerald Irish fields,
Beneath blue Irish skies (O heart of mine,
How dreamest thou of those dear fields and skies!)

By quiet stream or quiet country town,
Or in old red-brick courts secluded deep
In hearts of solemn cities vastly old,
Stands many an antique Old-World Meeting, still.
Haunted with memory and mystery
And *shadows of the Early Friends*,—they touch me
With wondrous pathos and heart-moving power;
I cannot voice the magic and the charm
With which they cry across the wistful years,
Holy and tender, from the Long Ago;
I cannot voice the yearning they awake,
Those ancient Meetings in the Mother Land!
—O do the fragile balmy blossoms strew
Their lintels and their lowly burial-stones
With fragrant petal-drift all April long?
Do warm rains drip like tears on summer nights?
Does drear November sway their massive oaks
And moan among their dark and centuried yews?

VII

*AS mountain streams from sudden sources run
And calmer grow ere yet they blend in one,
Then deeper flowing and more reverently
Yield all their treasure to the parent sea;—
So holy love in kindred hearts awakes
And swift, from many lands, one channel takes,
Whose currents blending deep in silence move
Toward that great ocean of Abiding Love,
Our common Father's heart,
 where space and time are not
And each for each may plead,
 all selfish ends forgot.*

EDITH M. WINDER

VII

I LOVE old Meeting-houses, and could roam
Forever in old Quaker neighborhoods,
By peaceful hamlets and high breezy hills
And dreamy rivers sleeping in the sun.
—Beneath the noble sycamores and oaks
That guard those quiet roofs I love to watch
The Friends arrive and in the shady porch
Give cheery greetings, and in little groups
Converse on happenings of the week, or glow
With kindly tender smiles and wistful words
O'er "good old days" and memories half-forgot,
While young folks stray apart, and children seek
For violets and chase the butterflies.

Or 'neath the solemn cypresses I roam
Among the mossy stones, deciphering
Dim names long weathered by the winter storms
And April rains, musing upon the folk
That in old years gone by were wont to come
To First-day and to Mid-week Meeting here
To worship and to pray and find new strength
For daily duties;—and at length pass in
With all the gathering groups of genial men
And gentle women, blithesome rosy lads
And winsome girls, beneath the lofty roof,

And on the long unpainted fragrant seats
Slow settle into silence, while the bees
Drone in the panes and glad birds chirp outside;
And if 'tis Mid-week Meeting, then from far
Across the fields come sounds of farming toil,
Of clinking scythes and plowmen's cheery calls
And wagons slowly creaking. Then it is,
As musical silence settles o'er the house,
That our calm worship seems to sanctify
Each longing soul, each heart athirst for grace.

As in the ancient Meeting-house we sit,
Environed round with friendliness and love,
With stillness and the peace of musing minds,
Or touched and comforted with eloquence
And gentle pleading; with the solemn thought
Of those low graves beneath the murmuring boughs,
And all they hold of poignant memory,—
In those most holy hours, does not a Voice
Unheard by any save the spirit's ear
Speak to each longing heart; does not a Presence
Unseen by any save the spirit's eye
Touch every brow with balm beneficent;
Do not all barriers fade, all outward signs
Seem merely phantom forms, *until our souls*
Flow in resistless tide toward the Divine,
"Toward that great ocean of Abiding Love," —
As in the ancient Meeting-house we sit
Environed round with love and friendliness,
With gentle, gentle faces sweet and pure,

With stillness and the peace of musing minds!
—Such the sure guidance of the Inner Light,
Such the companionship and blessed strength
Of the great Love that holds our yearning hearts.

On many an azure morn of early spring
When black-birds piped full sweet among the trees,
Or in the flower-soft sabbaths of mid-June
Fragrant with balmy airs, or in the deep
December silence of a dim white world,
Have these inflowings heartened and refreshed
God's children met in quiet worship here.
Such memories truly make a sacred shrine
Of each old Meeting-house,—make it as holy
To our affections and our reverence
As any grey cathedral to our brethren
Of faiths more ancient far than ours.

I yield

To none in sympathy for those high fanes
And heaven-aspiring minsters of old lands,
Whose solemn organ-tones and glorious hymns
And incense streaming up in mists of gold
So satisfy devout and simple hearts;
—We all were of the old Church once, and feel
Some thrill of old allegiance;—yet the calm
Still air of blessedness and holy peace
In some old Meeting 'mid its bowering trees,
Its rambling horse-sheds, and low walls that bound
Its silent "acre" sweet with tender flowers,

Holdeth for me *a pathos beautiful*
And wondrous beyond reach of any words.

Ye dear old Meeting-houses, thus would one,
Who long hath loved you deeply, strive to pay
His tribute to your charm, your ancient peace,
Your centuried repose, your guardianship
O'er gracious souls into the twilight gone
Such long, long years ago; hoping to wake
In hearts too soon forgetful of the Past,
Renewed reliance on your blessed power
To soothe our anxious and unresting time
With your serene and spiritual grace,
Your precious sanctity and ancient charm:—
Ye loved and quaint old Meeting-houses all,
Cornwall beneath thy venerable oak;
Time-honored Plymouth 'mid thy stately trees,
Hoary of limb and silvered o'er with age;
Nine Partners, where the blithe and thoughtful lass
Lucretia Coffin came in school-girl days;
Menallen, Upper Dublin, loved Drumore,
Yet dearer for your kindly Irish names;
Solebury's Meeting "sacrosanct with love;"
And thou, grey shrine of faith and friendliness
'Neath Gwynedd's antique oaks; and little Caln
Sad and deserted on thy lonely hill;
Thou, Old Blue River, 'mid thy silent graves,
Brooding in silence on thy memoried past;
Thou, Pendleton, heart-warm with kindness;
Thou, spacious, tranquil, grand old Meeting-house

At London Grove; quaint friendly Birmingham,
 Thou storied shrine; thou, ancient well-loved house
 Where meet the kindly folk of Willistown;
 Thou, Buckingham, above thy dreamy fields;
 And thou, old Meeting-house at Wilmington,
 A peaceful island 'mid the city's noise;
 Old Jericho where sleeps Elias Hicks;
 Historic Uwchlan quaint and picturesque,
 And tranquil Radnor; and ye, Grampian
 And Sterling, with your honest Scottish names;
 Old Salem with thy monumental oak;
 Lone Cecil musing 'mid the forest flowers;
 Thou, Goshen, home of loving-kindnesses;
 And Macedon Centre, lovable, serene;
 Camden, so peaceful 'mid thy peaceful graves;
 And dear Penn Hill of precious memories;
 And many another which the yearning heart
 Holds dear for recollected happiness
 In hours of meditation and of dream
 Amid your quietude and rustic charm,
 Your fruitful silence and uplifting calm,
 Your tranquil and pathetic loneliness,
 Your dear associations from old days,
Your sacred and ancestral memories.
 —And ye, old Meetings scattered up and down
 Among old Quaker neighborhoods afar
 In our wide continent; and ye, old shrines
 In those revered ancestral English shires
 And Irish fields, beyond the rolling seas
That separate our lands but not our love.

OLD CONCORD MEETING

(1686—1911)

*Our fathers gathered here long years ago
To hold communion with the Power divine
That is within, and over, and around;
And as they were obedient to the voice
That spoke unto their inmost souls, they found
Sweet peace, and strength,
Leaving behind a priceless heritage
Of courage, patience, faithfulness and love.
This heritage is for us to enrich
And magnify, not merely to enjoy;
And that we may be wise to know the right,
And strong to do the work that lies at hand,—
From the unfailing Source to which they turned
In prayer, we seek for wisdom, vision, power.*

ELIZABETH LLOYD

I love to ponder the annals of this old house
Established here on the hills so long ago
By the prayerful zeal of those far-off Quaker sires.
I love to read their records;—what steadfast faith,
What loving-kindness there, what shining deeds!

Their dust has slept in the earth for many a year,
And the moss and the ivy long have muffled their graves
With pensive green,—a token and tender sign

Of the evergreen love we bear those ancient Friends,
Those hero-hearts of our faith. They were noble and true;
They humbly asked for the blessing of God on their work
When they built their Meeting-house. Their old men saw
Wondrous visions, their young men dreamed high dreams;
Simple and sturdy and godly folk were they.

True patriarchs of our faith they seem to me,—
Pioneer Friends of this new great western world,
Men and women who came over-sea with Penn.
They had listened and thrilled to saintly Fox's words
In English fields; from Fox they had caught the Light;
And now they sought in this lonely western land
Freedom to worship, freedom to live and thrive
Unharassed by hostile mobs or zealots blind.

Honor to them who sought no earthly honor!
Their long-familiar names are indelibly dear,
Rich with two hundred years of memoried love,—
Hannum and Marshall, Thatcher, Gilpin and Cloud;
Chandler and Walter, Palmer and Peirce and Brown,
Mendenhall and Newlin, Brinton, Pyle;
Yea, patriarchs of the faith they truly were,
Who minded the Light and spread the Light abroad
From their homes 'mid the fruitful orchards and quiet
farms,—

These beautiful fields and hills that we see to-day
Wrapt in the dreamy summer's bounteous charm.

The very name of their settlement tells their tale,—
Concord,—called from the peaceful harmony

And brotherly love that marked their blessed lives;
Concord truly speaks of their tranquil years,
Their earnest witness against all wordliness,
Their fervent seeking after the Light of Christ;
Concord tells of their love of all mankind,
Their tender care of the lowly and the oppressed,
Their helpful hands held out to their Indian brothers,
Their deep concern for setting the black man free.
These, and a score of kindred kindly deeds,
Speak with eloquence far above all words
Of this ancient Concord Meeting and countryside;
And not alone of this dear old Meeting-house
And Quaker countryside, but of those that grew
Under this Mother-Meeting's watchful love,—
Birmingham on the Brandywine's emerald hills
Where old-time kindliness still lives to-day,
The well-loved meeting at ancient Nottingham,
And Caln high over the Valley's fertile farms.

Ah me, how we cling to the outward things we love!—
But the heart of our faith is in homes not built by hands,
And these old shrines, albeit we cherish them well,
Must crumble and fall with the all-devouring years
And their tranquil beauty become but a legend dim.
Yet Concord's dear, dear name must still endure
When every brick and shrub and lowly grave
Has been swept away by the ruthless march of time,—
Concord, home of our far-off English sires,
Concord the peaceful, the tranquil, the deeply loved.

OLD KENNETT MEETING-HOUSE

(1710—1910)

This lonely house beside the lonely road

Hath looked on other scenes than ours to-day
Where round us lie the fields of rustling corn

And verdant pastures sweet with autumn hay,
Where all the land is wrapt in peaceful dream,
And every noise and restless care far, far away doth seem.

Along this ancient road in days of old

A varied stream of travelers did pass:—
The sturdy settlers trudging by their teams,

Grandsire and pioneer and rosy lass,
Soldiers returning from the border wars,
And fishermen who sought the way to Maryland's distant
shores.

Here jocund hunters journeyed o'er the hills

With furs and game from out the virgin woods;
And keen-eyed Indians erect and lithe,

And silent as their forest solitudes.
How many a wayfarer, how many a load
Passed by this ancient Meeting-house along this ancient
road!

And twice a week beneath the bowering trees,
In sober garb, with looks composed and strait,

A gentle company of people came
And turned their horses' heads within the gate,
Dismounted at the block, and staid and slow
Passed to their seats and settled down in row by silent row,

Silent,—until some strong, clear voice rang out
And held its listeners in conscious awe,
Instinct with heaven's visionary fire,
Or duty's plain inexorable law,—
A voice whose noble fervor could not be
The fruit of aught except a life of faithful piety.

And truly they were faithful, pious folk,
Those Kennett Quakers of the long ago;
Read but their names upon these lowly graves,
Think of the forms whose dust is laid below;
Muse o'er their memories with grateful tears,
Those kindly, noble Friends whose names we love through
all the years!—

English and Irish Friends of sterling worth,
The Webbs, the Harlans who from Erin came,
The Peirces bred in old-world Somerset,
The Clouds who brought from Calne their honored name,
The Sussex Wickershams, the Baileys too,
The Millers who from Ireland their ancient vigor drew.

Their lines are scattered far across the world,
And this old house deserted seems and lone;
Neglect and desolation wrap it round,
And moss and lichen dim each low grave-stone;

A sleepy spot beside the sleepy road,—
Have silence and forgetfulness made here their sure abode?

Nay, though the Quaker life of olden time
No more is seen in weekly gatherings here,—
In many a heart this ancient house endures,
To many a heart 'tis still beloved and dear,
Still cherished as a venerated shrine
Among the peaceful hills above the peaceful Brandywine.

Yea, this old house that sleeps through summer suns,
And dreams through winter nights of star and cold;—
What tales of kindliness and worth were ours
If all its deepest dreams might once be told
Of those dear souls who sowed in days long past
Seeds of an influence that shall its latest stone outlast!—

How might it tell of many a tender bride
Who came forth wedded from this old roof-tree;
Of many a gray-haired veteran might it tell
Laid 'neath yon shades with sad solemnity,—
Of family joys and sorrows, smiles and tears,
And pensive memories hallowed through the lost and long-
dead years.

Yet tranquil annals oftenest fill its dreams,
And noble faces from its vanished days,—
The Mendenhalls devoted to good works,
The Passmores and the Woodwardes and the Ways;
The Hueys and Harveys here are known to fame;
And Lewis, Jacobs, Jenkinson,—Old Kennett loves each
name.

The history of such a Meeting-house
Is filled with pathos and with peaceful charm;
It seems the very heart of this old land,
This land of ancient wood and tranquil farm,
Of sunny gardens and of singing streams,—
This old, old Meeting-house with all its memories and
dreams.

The history of such a Meeting-house
If filled with grandeur, beautiful, sublime,
Rich with the records of the sainted souls
Who speak to us from out the olden time.
O may her spirit still all creeds outlast,
And calm Old Kennett bless our future as she blessed our
past!

"A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE"

(Read at the centenary of Willistown Meeting-house)

A haunt of ancient peace!—

Well may we call thee so,
For while the years increase
And seasons ebb and flow,
Thou, ancient House, dost seem
Wrapt in a tranquil dream
And vision of the days of long ago,

A vision softly bright

With faces that are gone,
Wherein a saintly light
And calm serenely shone,—
Dear faces loved of yore
Whose peace forevermore
In benediction round these walls is thrown.

Soft pastoral echoes thrill

The heart of yonder woods,
And misty languors fill
The leafy solitudes.
The downward sloping year
Lies drowsed in golden cheer,
And resteth in her queenliest of moods.

In yonder hallowed ground

The cherished fathers sleep,

And o'er each lonely mound
The gentle flowers weep.
A pensive stillness there
Breathes through the autumn air
And fills the scene with silence calm and deep.

The fathers sleep; but here
Their children's children meet;
Year after quiet year
They gather seat by seat;
And many a family name
Lives on with fragrant fame
Among the Friends whom here to-day we greet.

Oft in this peaceful air
With blessing have been heard
The purifying prayer,
The Heaven-guided word;
And oft some fervent heart
Communing here apart,
As with a sacred leaven hath been stirred.

Old House, o'er thee hath gone
A century serene;
Thy far-off, peaceful dawn
No living eye hath seen.
The human stream hath run
Through many a sire and son
Since thou didst rise amid the forest green.

The mild and mellow years
Have left thee calm and free,
Through mortal joys and tears
Enduring tranquilly.
The infant's dawning breath,
The darkening hour of death,
Have been as passing sun and shade to thee.

Here as in days of old
Still may the hungry feed,
Still love the faith we hold,—
Our sweet and simple creed.
Here may be given to men
The zeal of Fox and Penn
To seek and serve the spirit's inmost need.

So by this peaceful vale
While ripening years increase,
Thy mission shall not fail,
Thy blessing shall not cease;
Thy consecrating calm
Shall fall like holy balm,
And thou be still "a haunt of ancient peace."

OLD MEMORIES,—NEW CONSECRATION

(Read at the Centenary of Little Britain Meeting, 1904)

Sacred for us this day of memories old,
Sacred and sweet to gather in this calm
Serene old meeting-house among the hills
By silver Conowingo's peaceful stream;
Sacred and dear this day to meditate
And muse upon the vanished hundred years.

Sacred for us are yon low mounds of green
Where lies the dust of those we loved so well.
The ancient box-trees and the bright young flowers
Keep quiet watch; tenderly, fragrantly,
In holy solitude they watch the graves
Of those who perished in their youthful dawn,
And those who sought at last their mother earth
After long years, long honorable years
Rich in good deeds and kindliness and love.
Surely they know,—those spirits heavenly free,—
They know the hidden things we may not know
Until we too must sleep beneath the grass
To wake in worlds undreamed of; theirs to know
Of life and death and vast eternity.

All reverently we come, yet happily,
With quiet joy, to hail the hundred years,

The hundred golden autumns, radiant springs,
Summers and drowsy winters that have gone
Down to the dim and half-forgotten Past
Since those grave Quakers of that long-lost time
Founded this fellowship of worship here
And gave to Little Britain life and name.

O how the heart doth yearn this centuried day
For those loved forms and faces, those serene
Old-fashioned Friends of that old-fashioned age!
I seem to see them in their quiet homes
'Mid these old dreamy Susquehanna's hills,
Living their simple lives with simple faith:—
The sweet-faced mothers here among their flowers,
Their bee-hives and their bowering apple trees,
Home-loving women, skilled in household craft
And all the ways of hearty country cheer,
Making each home its own small happy world,
And giving to all this countryside its fame
For comfort, peace and hospitality;—
The fathers, sterling-hearted kindly men,
Rich in plain wisdom, rich in helpful deeds,
Noble and strong and pure,—no neighborhood
Had goodlier farmers, truer gentlemen:—
And, fair as young June roses after rain,
The children, soft-eyed girls and ruddy boys,
Making these old hills jocund with their song
And wholesome fun, and all unconsciously
Through all the long, long golden years of youth
Building foundations sure of character,

Of usefulness and home-bred honesty.
O tell me, are they perished then and gone,
Forever gone those simple days of yore?—
Nay, much survives;—and never do I come
To this old well-loved shire of Lancaster
Sacred and rich in old ancestral ties,
Here 'mid the Conowingo's dreamy hills,
But that the dear old-fashioned face of things,—
The old red houses, locust-shaded lanes,
Great ample barns and old gnarled cherry trees,
Soft meadows with their sunny little streams
That feed the lovely Susquehanna's tides,
The very bergamot and purple plox
And every dear old-fashioned garden flower,—
Thrills me with wistful charm; and I can hear
Old voices calling from the misty years,
Old voices calling from beyond the grave,—
So faint, so sweet, I cannot choose but grieve.

Yet wandering among these boyhood haunts
Where cheery welcomes wait and greetings warm,
And lingering in familiar garden paths,
Among dim orchard-boughs and grassy lanes,
A long-lost world comes back!—The dead still live,
The sire surviveth in the son; there breathe
From the sweet presences of blooming girls
The traits of mothers' mothers long ago
Gone to their heavenly homes. The Past lives on
And gives the present and the future years
Blessings unnumbered,—holy legacies!

So on this centuried day we well may pause
Beside these lowly graves, and in this calm
Serene old meeting-house with reverent hearts
Gather to muse on those dear hundred years;
To-morrow to go forth with hope renewed,
With faith fresh-fortified, resolved to make,—
As these loved ones of yore would have it be,—
From these old memories and sacred ties,
New strengthening and consecration new!

ERCILDOUN MEETING

(1811—1911)

A hundred years these walls have cast
Their shadows o'er the sod,
A hundred years this house hath known
The blessed peace of God.

O many are the gentle souls
Through all the hundred years
Who blest this peaceful house of prayer
And loved it through their tears.

And many are the gentle souls
Through years remote and old
Who wept above yon grassy graves
Where sleep the hearts of gold.

Ah, though in hours of tenderness
We think with sorrow deep
Of all the dear and well-beloved
Wrapt in eternal sleep,—

Yet well we know *there is no death*
For those who deeply love;
The limits of this mortal life
Their spirits soar above.

Let no old meeting-house like this
Lament for days of yore,
While memoried voices call to us
From out the heavenly shore.

Let no old meeting-house like this
Lament for glory gone,
While children of its sires remain
To hand the message on.

Of noble and of kindly souls
To-day we have no dearth;
*In every age the Father sends
His chosen ones to earth.*

In every generation still
The hand of God is seen,
His meadows of immortal love
Are ever fresh and green.

The lives our fathers lived of yore,
The fragrance of the past,—
Each age must add to these a charm
More gracious than the last.

And so at this first century mark
We face the forward slope,
Our hearts a-thrill with loving faith,
Our eyes alight with hope,

Content to know the Father's gifts
And blessings will not cease,
Trustful in His abounding love,
Secure in His great peace.

AT LONDON GROVE QUARTERLY MEETING

The best of old and new are truly blent
In this old House among the ancient trees,
Set round with slopes of wheat and fragrant corn
That sway and waver in the summer breeze.

Below the turf in yonder quiet field
The old-time Quakers long have lain at rest;
The boxwood and the roses bend above
The peaceful generations of the blest.

Yet their immortal spirits look to-day
From out the kindly faces round me here;
Their children's children are inheritors
Of their soul-images beloved and dear.

The ardor and the impulse that have stirred
Yon sister pleading for the pure and right,—
This brother bringing sympathy and hope,—
Stirred long ago the "Children of the Light."

As in far times this spacious House was thronged
With genial elders and with gentle youth
And bonnie children,—so to-day the old
And young have come to hark for heavenly truth.

The same heart-hunger deeply moves these Friends
That moved of yore their venerated sires,—
Ancestral yearnings for the word of God,
Undying hopes and heaven-sent desires.

Who fears our Faith is dying?—Let him come
To this old Meeting-house beneath the trees,
And find celestial balm, while airs float in
From corn-fields fragrant in the summer breeze.

AT PLYMOUTH MEETING

If anywhere is Peace, 'tis here
Where softly fades the failing year,

And round this Meeting gray and old
The great trees drop their leafy gold.

By this gray wall what joy to stay
And muse the quiet noon away,—

So wonderful the day and fair
Steeped in its pensive misty air,—

To watch the yellow leaves and slow
That waver to the ground below,

And see the insects gleam and pass
Across the tangles of the grass;

To ponder on the slow sweet hours
That breathe the scent of ripened flowers,

And pacing 'neath the sycamores
To hear through yonder Meeting doors

The sound of children's voices sweet
The text and tender psalms repeat.

In holy haunts of silence here
True men have slept for many a year;

Dear saintly mothers 'neath this sod
Were yielded back unto their God ;

And in this soft and drowsy air
I seem to see the children fair

For whom were shed what wistful tears
In bygone and relentless years!

The children,—ah, there sleepeth one
Great heart beneath yon low white stone

Who willingly accepted death
To save one dear child's vital breath;—

The Artist he,* whose memory bright
Is sanctified with peaceful light

In yonder home, where still they show
The pictured scenes he used to know.

Still in his quiet garden old
The flowers spill their fragrant gold,

Beyond his orchard shadows still
Soft sunshine bathes the dreamy hill,

Across his fields the yellowing wood
Wears still its rich autumnal mood.

Tranquil his landscape lies, yet dim
With wistful memories of him.

*Thomas Hovenden

Those memories hold a kindly spell
Beyond my yearning words to tell;

For me his name must mingle aye
With thoughts of Plymouth old and gray

And golden in the dying year,
When recollection bears me here,

When tranquil memory shall recall
The charm and beauty of it all,

And kindly friends again I greet
And hear the children's voices sweet,

Where ancient sycamores enfold
The Meeting-house with leafy gold.

IN SWARTHMORE MEETING

Through Swarthmore's children wander wide,
In memory they cherish still
The quiet Meeting-house beside
The grove on Swarthmore's peaceful hill.

In this still home of quietude
The worldly spirit fades away ;
To sober thought we frame our mood
Here on each tranquil Sabbath day.

No ritual these precincts know,
Unless it be when yonder trees
Responding to soft winds that blow
Chant forth their leafy litanies.

And though no organ shake the air,
No hymns uplift melodious words,
Yet wandering breezes hither bear
The anthems of the happy birds.

And here in musings deep and true
Communing silently apart,
We dedicate ourselves anew
And feel a quickening of the heart.

O rich the many offerings brought
And yielded on the listening air,
The poet's pure immortal thought,
The sage's precept large and fair!

And rich the messages of truth
From riper souls among us here,
Sweet words that still the doubts of youth
And point the path of duty clear.

What seeds of good those words may be
In this retired and holy time,
Amid so fair a company
In life's receptive, ardent prime!

Though Swarthmore's children wander wide,
In memory they cherish still
The quiet Meeting-house beside
The grove on Swarthmore's peaceful hill.

WEST CHESTER MEETING-HOUSE

*My boyhood dreams come back to me,
Old Meeting-house, at thought of thee:*

The peaceful charm, the balmy air,
The gentle, gentle faces there,

The musing pensive people bound
In quietude serene, profound,

The sense of brotherhood and love
Borne as on wings of heaven's dove,

The sympathy that seemed to roll
From heart to heart and soul to soul,

The sign and seal of heavenly grace
On many a sweet and kindly face,

That rapt and wistful seemed to bless
With depths of wondrous tenderness,

The sense of deep thanksgiving there
In uttered word and silent prayer,

The nearness of the Father's arm
To shield His well-beloved from harm,

When in that hour to us was given
Some foretaste of the peace of heaven.

OLD QUAKER
MEETING-HOUSES

(with a few recent ones)

“I love old Meeting-houses”



ABINGTON, PA.



ALLOWAYS CREEK, HANCOCKS BRIDGE, N. J.,



AMESBURY, MASS.



BART, PA.



BEAR GAP, PA



BENJAMINVILLE, ILL.



BIRMINGHAM, PA.



BLUE RIVER



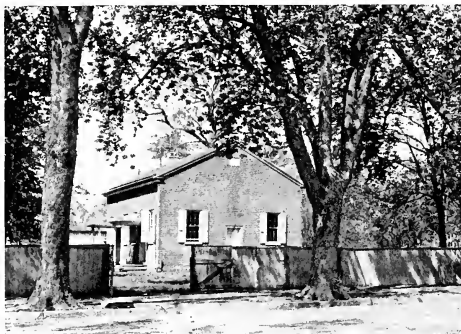
BORDENTOWN, N. J.



BRISTOL, PA.



BUCKINGHAM, PA.



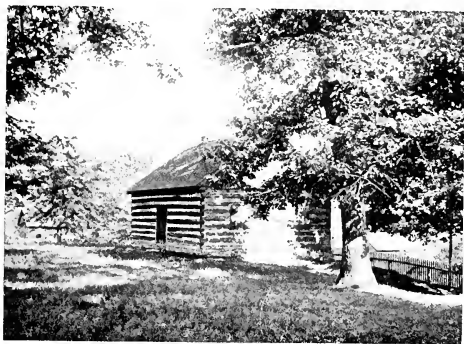
BURLINGTON, N. J.



BYBERRY, PA.



CALN



CATAWISSA, PA.



CAMDEN N. J.



CAPE MAY, N. J.



CHESTER, PA.



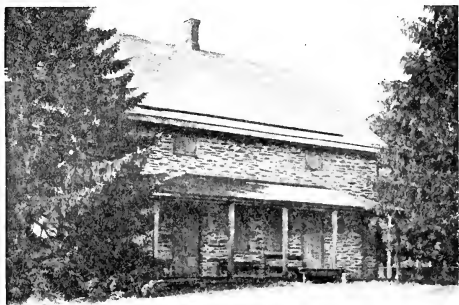
CHESTERFIELD



CHAPPAQUA, N. Y



CENTER, CHRISTIANA HUNDRED, DEL.



CLINTON CORNERS, N. Y.



COLDSTREAM, ONTARIO



CHICHESTER, PA.



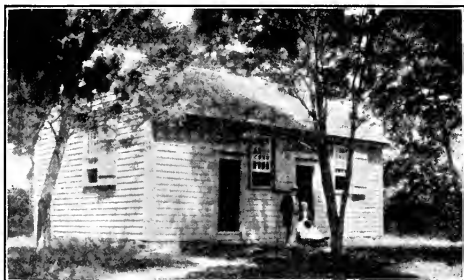
CLEAR CREEK, ILL.



CONCORDVILLE, PA.



CORNWALL, N. Y.



CONANICUT



CONCORD, NEAR COLERAIN, OHIO



DARBY, PA.



DARLINGTON, MD.



CROSSWICKS, N. J.



DOE RUN OR DERRY, PA.



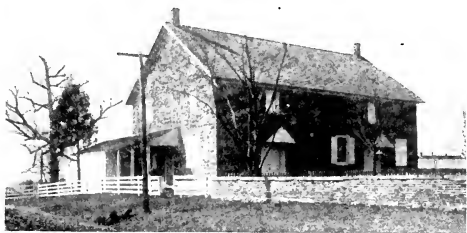
DOYLESTOWN, PA.



DRUMORE, PA.



EAST BRANCH, N. J.



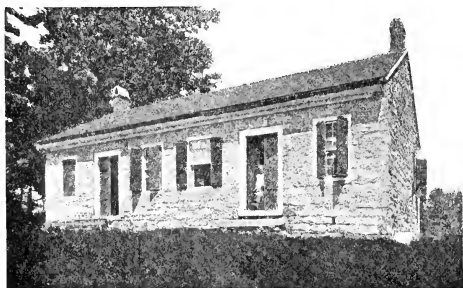
EAST NOTTINGHAM



EASTON, MD.



EASTON, N. J.



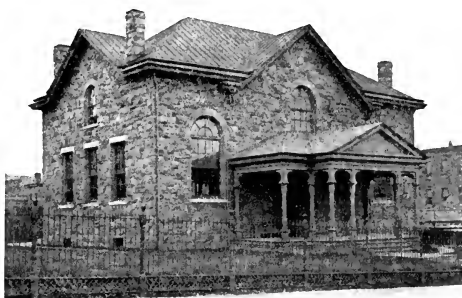
ELICOTT CITY, MD



ERCILDOWN, PA.



EVERSHAM, N. J.



FAIR HILL, PHILA., PA.



FALLS, PA.



FALLOWFIELD, PA.



FLUSHING, L. I.



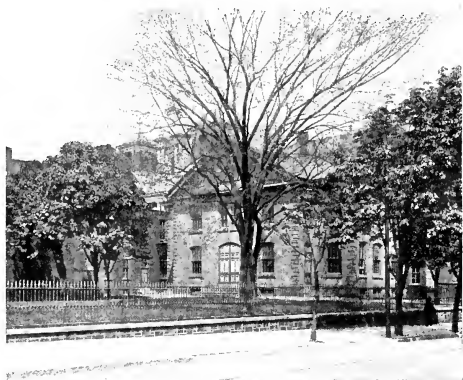
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FRANKFORD, PHILA., PA.



GERMANTOWN, PA.



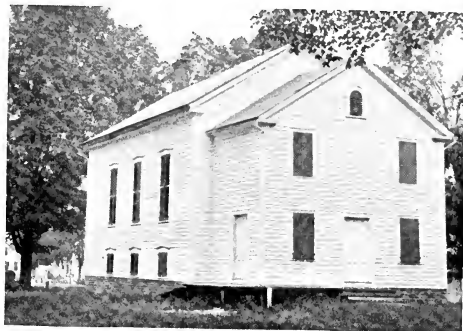
GIRARD AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA



GOSHEN, PA.



GRANGE, IRELAND



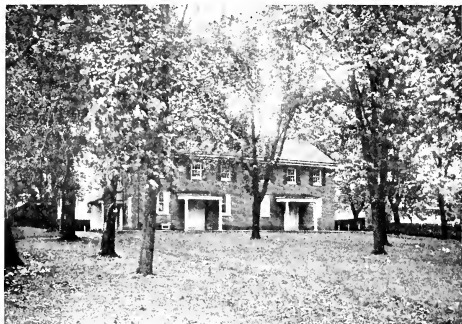
GRANVILLE, N. Y



GREEN STREET, PHILADELPHIA



GWYNEDD, PA.



HADDONFIELD, N. J.



HAVERFORD, PA.



HIGHLAND



HOMEVILLE, PA.



HOPEWELL VA.



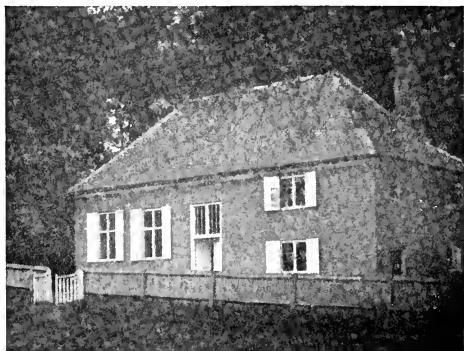
HOCKESSIN, DEL.



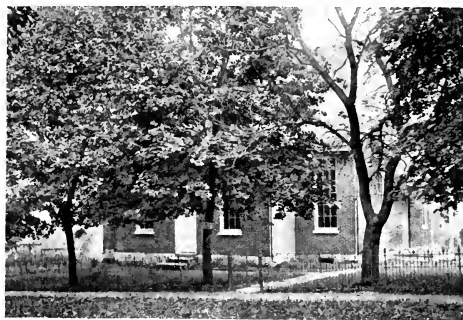
HORSHAM, PA.



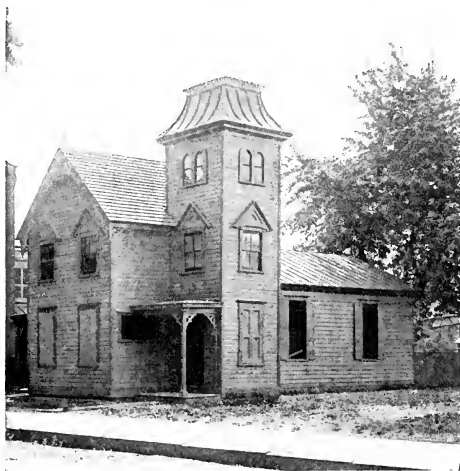
JERICO, N. Y.



JORDANS, ENGLAND



KENNETT SQUARE, PA.



LAMBERTVILLE, N. J.



LANGHORNE, PA.



LANSDOWNE, PA.



LINCOLN, VA.



LONDON GROVE, PA.



LITTLE CREEK, NEAR DOVER, DEL.



LOWER GREENWICH, N. J.



MAIDEN CREEK, PA.



MAKEFIELD, PA.



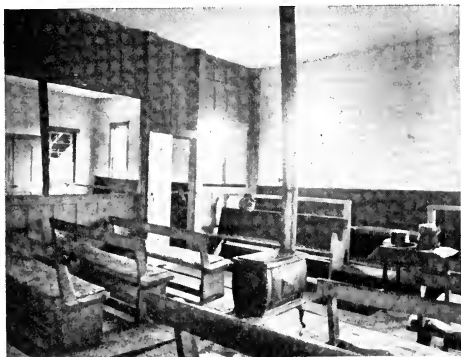
MALVERN, PA.



MANHASSET, L. I.



MANSFIELD N. J.



MAPLE GROVE, IND.



MARIETTA, IOWA



MARLBOROUGH, PA.



MATINECOCK, L. I.



MEDFORD, N. J.



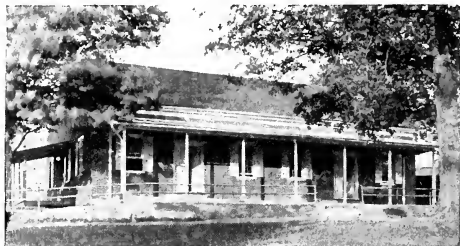
MERION, PA.



MIDDLETOWN, PA.



MILL CREEK, DEL.



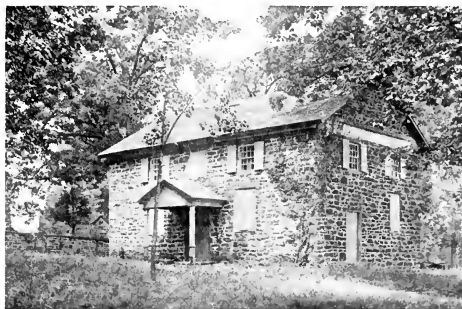
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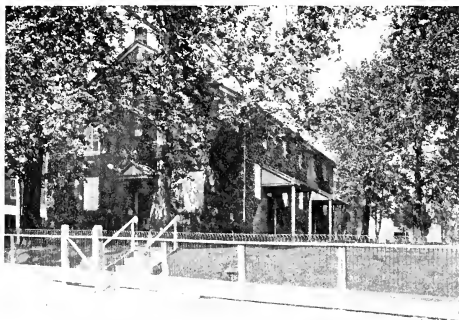
MILTON, IND.



MOORESTOWN, N. J



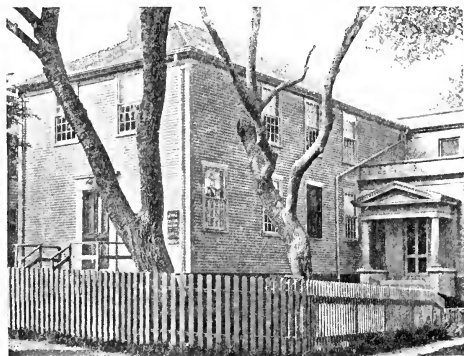
MOUNT, N. J.



MOUNT HOLLY, N. J.



MOUNT PLEASANT, OHIO



NANTUCKET, MASS.



NECK, MD.



NEW GARDEN, PA.



NEWTOWN, PA.



NEWTOWN SQUARE, PA.



NINE PARTNERS



NORRISTOWN, PA.



NORTHWEST FORK, MD.



ODESSA, DEL.



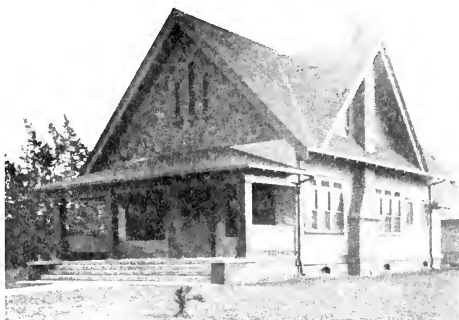
OLD CONCORD, PA.



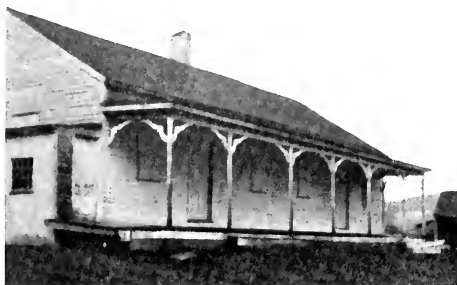
OLD KENNETT, PA.



OLD RADNOR, ITHACA, PA.



ORANGE GROVE, PASADENA, CAL.



OSWEGO, N. Y.



PARKERSVILLE, PA.



PAWLING, N. Y.



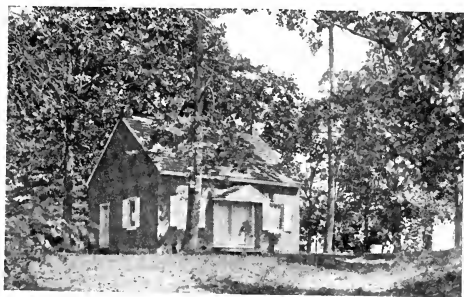
PENDLETON, IND.



PENN HILL, PA.



PENNSBURG, PA.



PENNSGROVE, PA.



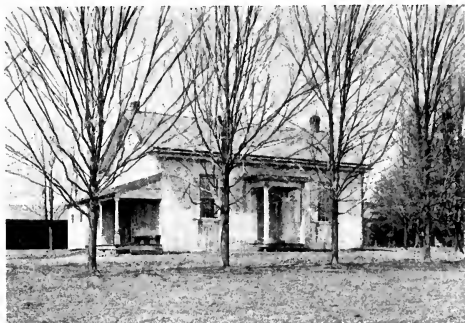
PIESGROVE, N. J.



PINE GROVE, MD.



PLAINFIELD, N. J.



PLUMSTEAD, PA.



PLYMOUTH, PA.



PRESTON PATRICKS, ENGLAND



PROVIDENCE, PA.



PURCHASE, N. Y.



QUAKER STREET, N. Y.



QUAKERTOWN, PA.



RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA



RANCOGAS, N. J.



RANDOLPH, DOVER, N. J.



READING, PA.



RICHLAND, PA.



ROARING CREEK, PA.



ROMANSVILLE, PA.



SADSBURY, PA.



SALEM, N. J.



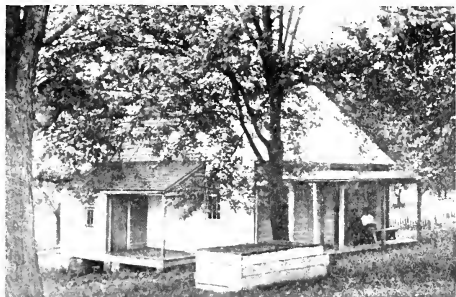
SANDY SPRING, MD.



SCHUYLKILL, PA.



Scipio, N. Y.



SHORT CREEK, EMERSON, OHIO



SHREWSBURY



SOLEBURY, PA.



SQUAN, N. J.



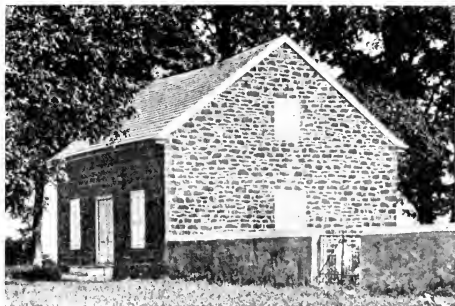
STROUDSBURG, PA.



STANTON, DEL.



SWARTHMORE, PA.



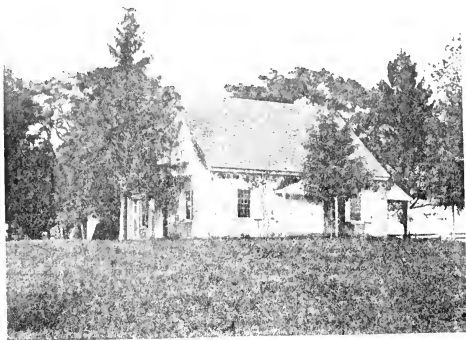
NEAR SWEDSBORO, N. J.



TRENTON, N. J.



UNIONVILLE, PA.



UPPER DUBLIN, PA.



UPPER GREENWICH, N. J.



UPPER SPRINGFIELD, N. J.



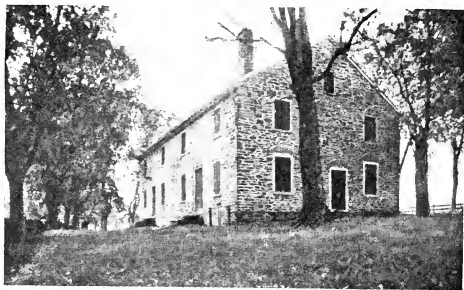
UWCHLAN, LIONVILLE, PA.



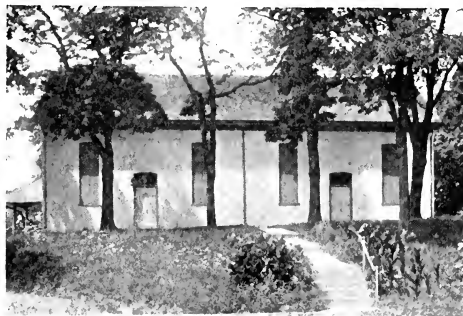
VINCENTTOWN, N. J.



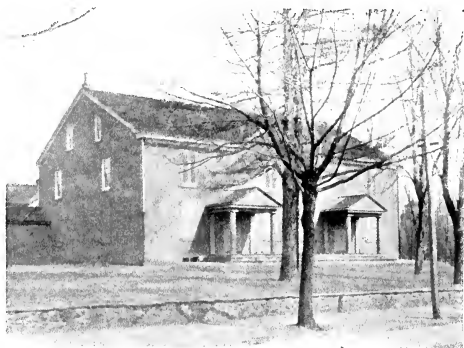
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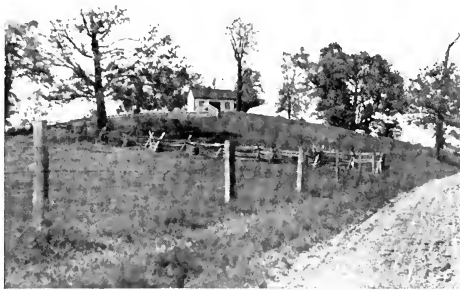
WATERFORD, VA.



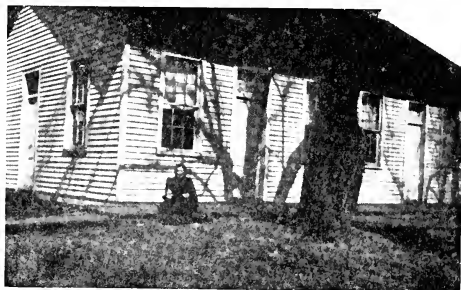
WAYNESVILLE, OHIO



WEST CHESTER, PA.



WEST GROVE, OHIO



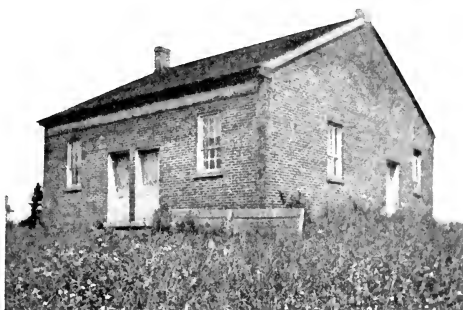
WEST LIBERTY, IOWA



WEST MEETING HOUSE, ALLIANCE, OHIO



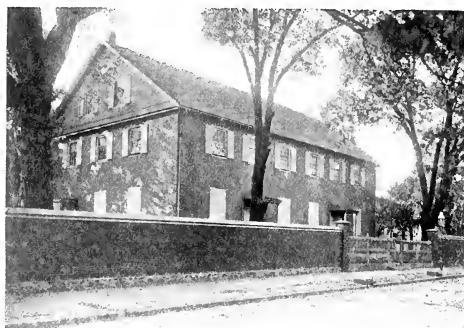
WEST NOTTINGHAM



WESTFIELD, NEAR CAMDEN, OHIO



WEST PHILADELPHIA, PHILA., PA.



WILMINGTON, DEL.



WOODBURY, N. J.



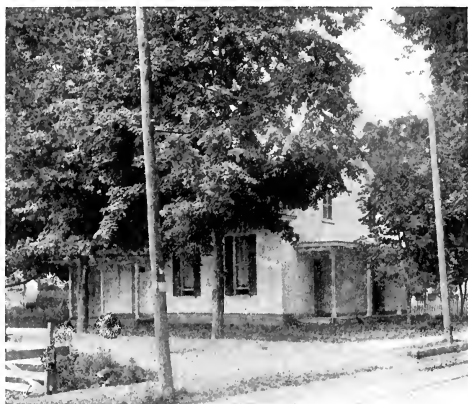
WOODSTOWN, N. J.



WOOLWICH, N. J.



WRIGHTSTOWN, PA.



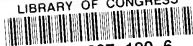
YARDLEYVILLE, PA.







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